### A PLUCKY NEIGHBOR.

Well, well, so young Jed sent you over to get full particklers from me, did he?

Not "young"—he? To be sure, I'm a 'most seventy, an' I was but four an' twenty when he was born. Still, as long to the sure of the standard a fine a figger-head—so big an' black an' still—as ever a pirate boat could ha' boasted of.

Well, there was eight o' them young four boys; an afore I could touch as an' four boys; an afore I as there's Jedediah himself about, "young" Jes'll have to be content with the name, about all his own wild doings, and it in partickler? An' says I must tell ye it all 'cause he can't half do it

Well, Hetty, it's a good half hour it'll take, so you'd better throw off your hat while I get my knittin' work. There, now, toe off this sock for Jed-old man Jed-an' I'll begin its mate straightto finish all we oughter, knittin' and other

Let me see, Hetty, 'twas-deary me! how one does forget as the years creep upon one-how old now is your little Jed? wa'n't he? An' another two year went by afore little Jed came along-an' so, deary nic, if that don't make all o' sixteen year You see, Jedediah he'd come home awful

finishin' off a job, an' when I got to bed at hearin' from Jed at supper that at last we'd ctually got some neighbors-we, who'd ever even known what neighbors was like anto in all our thirty years an' more toep' me starin'-eyed way into the night. It was puttin' two an' two together, an' reckenin' up o' consequences. Hetty. Well, I'd been in bed a good hour, an' had conscious still-not to bother Jededlah, an' he so tuckered out-an' I couldn't it no longer. So I jest gave Jed a gentle-like nudge with my elbow. But, law sakes, it took more'n one poke to rouse him up, I can tell ye, he was that tight-locked slumber. Hester Crane. An' then when ald, "Jedediah," says I, "I can't sleep a wink for thinkin' of 'em!" he jest grunted an' turned over, an' I had it all to do over again. Yes, actually, my elbow ached from panchin' afore I could get a word from him. Jedediah," says I, "how can you sleep on-it ain't never the sleep o' the jest, neither!—a-knowin' what I know, is more'n An' says he, mumblin'-like, "Can't you

let a feller sleep when he's been a-hayin' all day, an' never a blessed soul to help him-not even his own son let stay to hum An' he just dropped off again; 'twas as easy as rollin' off a log to him. An' so I lay tossin' an' starin' at the lark arter that, squelched-like with that last hit o' his'n, an' groaned in the speerit-so's not to disturb him-for I was hit, an' no mistake. But I will say it was only when Jedediah was overdone that he thrust at me so viclous like; I'll do him that jestice, Hetty. But at sech times he was for all the world like a horse that'll bite the hand that's a-holdin' of his fodder. You see, Hetty-though I never'd acknowledge it-still 'way down in my conscience I wa'n't quite easy as to whether ! mightn't ha' kep' young Jed to hum if could ha' let up pesterin' o' him so about keepin' clean an' not trackin' in mud on to my best parlor carpet-considerin' as nary a soul from outside came within eveshot o' it more'n twicet to the year. But hem ways was born in me, Hetty, an' I tried to think I wa'n't responsible an' the like stuff; but all told I was none too happy with young Jed away, an' dead for all we knew sence a good fifteen year. Well, I was that restless an' oneasy in body an' mind as I lay there a-thinkin' onpleasant thoughts, that when all on a sudden Jedediah began to snore outright, I couldn't stan' it no longer, an' up I started, wrathy enough, an went over to the winder, an' there I sat a-lookin' an' a-peer-In' out into the black night. "P'raps it'll cool me off," I says to my-

self; but law sakes alive, it was so dark as a pocket, an' so sultry-like an' dead-still outside that I didn't calm down one An' presently a whine from jest below brought me to a decision, an' one, too, as I've never yet lived to regret. Bless his old heart-strings," says "he's a-invitin' me to come out an' go. An' so I will, sure as my name's Zipporah An' I dressed myself in a jiffy, an' most

afore you could ha' said Jack Robinson I was out, an' a-fumblin' around in the barn a-hutin' for the lantern. An' that once lighted, I an' the big Newfoundland Prince seems humble folks allers likes high-flyin' names—were streakin' it along the road,
"I ain't one bit afraid if you ain't, Prince," says I, cheerful-like, and he jest pranced an flung about as though it was the best sort o' a spree we was both on us

"An' Prince," I continued, "it was jest inhuman to lie abed an' sleep-Jedediah's that tired he don't realize at all what he's guilty of-to sieep-an' Lord ha' mercy! who knows what mightn't happen afore

An' so I kep' talkin' on to Prince, party to keep my spirits from sinkin', for it was awful pokerish an' lonesome, there's no denyin' of it; not a creetur nor a house in sight save our two sel's, even if it hadn't been so thick dark you could ha' cut it with a jack knife. An' Prince he jest approved o' everything I said an' did, an' kep' me company right proper tillwell, we'd been a-trottin along at a fair pace considerin the darkness-stumblin' wood Jedediah had stored there till it should come convenient to haul it up hum. An' once there Prince stopped short an' jest barked an' barked like to split his

ing so stupid. "I ain't out a-huntin' weasels nor polecats neither, an' besides there For a while, though, it like I might make the rest o' my ourney alone. But by the time I'd got to ishin' boat-a mighty good tuggin' it took, was a-pushin' off, the lantern scary little circle o' light in the Prince he'd decided to keep me company, apt, drippin', aboard; an' arter shakin'

and behave," says I, put out with his be-

an' splash he came into the water an' the wet, most o' it on to me, he jest stood up in the bows proud like an' composed as lke; it was so sweet in the till ght air I could thin co' nothin' but angels

an harps. Then all o'a sudden a rounded point an' lor'! jest the prettiest signt ever see'd 'for' or sence was right afore my

hired, as I heard later, an' also scene, comin' atop o' all as had gone afore it, as ever in my life long I'd chanced

just as I sighted 'em one chapwhat a jolly laughin' chap he was, too!stood a-jammin of a whole young hemlocktree on the blaze. My, how it took fire. An' they was all singin'. I caught the Lightly may the beat row, the boat row,

the bo-at row; Lightly may the boat row that m-y lad's You needn't laugh, Hetty; the words is

right if the tune isn't. I wasn't never much of a voice, anyhow. Of all the wonders, the greatest was that Prince had 'peared as spell-bound as myself up to that moment when we have mad. My, you should ha' seen how that I whispers: company o' young folks started an' quit "Jed. my boy, don't you know mother— heap better at edercatin' than at knittin'.

Singin' an' sprung to their feet all to once. an' father?"

They told me, later ou, that never had An' with that he gives a frightened look, Evening Post.

they seen anythin' so startlin' an' ghostlike as that boat—phantom ship they called it—comin' a-glidin' in out o' the darkness, with me standin' a-polin' in so

coul touch land Prince had leapt ashore an' was rushin' in the midst, an' I had one good job to quiet him an' convince the gentle folks as how neither on us meant em no harm, but on the centrary had come over on a neighborly errand.

"But we was told there was no neighbors within two mile and more. Surely you ha'n't come all that way in the dark night! An' we was a-goin' to hunt 'em up in the mornin' to buy milk an' eggs for our camp." So says one pleasant-spoken chap

An' says I: "No more you have neighbors nigher than two an' a half mile, even cuttin' short through huckleberry fields-woe betide ye an' ye do! 'Twas to stop that bein' possible along with daylight, an' to stop other things that might happen afore day sets in, that Prince an' I trotted over neighbor-fashion. You don't know, p'raps, what it is to live thirty year in a place with nary a neighbor within call, nor nigher indeed than a good five mile! An' I can tell ye all, it's consider'ble of a event when some drops down as nigh as ye be to us. An' d'ye think I-or Prince either, for he started me agoin'-Jed's not in fault, neither, he's that tuckered out-are the sort to leave sech a godsend to its fate when a word o' warnin' n time might be the savin' o' all your

Now all the time I was a-holdin' forth thus I'd kep' nigh the water, an' was a-peerin' about keerful-like on all sides jest as far as my eyesight could travel in amongst them old oak trees. An' would you believe it, Hetty, afore I got through my long an' proper speech-I'd been a-predone out with havin', an' had gone to bed parin' of it all the time I was a-rowin' most, an' I'd got it off a deal better than I'd feared, considerin' the state o' my mind-why, every blessed one o' them eight was a-doin' jest as I did, lookin' frightenedlike in among them oaks an' all round about 'em. An' I had no sooner done speakin' than they cried out:

"What on earth do you mean?"
"I mean," says I solemn-like, befittin' the occasion, "that ye'll all come straight hum with me, neighbor-fashion. That old fishboat has carried as heavy a load afore this I guess-some o' ye look over-light weight to my thinkin', an' Zipporah Crane'll put ye to roost somehow somewhere. What ha' ye here for beds, anyhow? A heap o' hem-lock boughs? Well, I'll promise ye as good as that leastways." "But, my good woman," says one, "do

They, an' I, too, was still spyin' about suspicious. Says I-an' I assure you. Hetty. I never spoke more solemn nor felt more weight o' 'sponsibility in all my life fore or sence-says I this one word: "Rattlesnakes!"

An' you should ha' seen 'em jump. "You don't mean 't!" cries one. "Where?" screams another.

An' so in a minit they was all a-talkin wildly, an' when at last I could get in a word edgeways, says I: "There was a man bit last night right amout here, an' last year one o' our sows strayed over this way an' we found her all swelled up an' dead as a door nail. Them huckleberry fields north o' this wood are jest famous for two things, one's the biggest huckleberries in all the country round an' t'other's the very best-grown an' most pizenous rattlesnakes in all the whole world, sure as my name's Zipporah Crane!" boat. They was as changed a crowd in two minits as von are like to see No more singin', nor more a nchin' jest a bit o' talkin' subdued like. One might ha' thought they feared rattlesnakes would foller us in the water if we spoke above 9 skeered whisper. An' so in the course of time we land d

the southwest shore. Twas slow rowin' arter all; them slim-like gals was more solid looked for, An' no soorer did touch shore than Prince pranced off out o' sight in a jiffy. When we'l got a bit up the hill there he was a-barkin' an' barkin' about that woodpile as afore, an' says I to

"I guess it can't be weasels or sech like, arter all, he's that excited. I'd test inves-

"Wait a minit, neighbors," jest clambered over the wall an' went up to where he was. Throwip' the lantern light anead, I spied two black creatures. One was Prince, lively enough, 'tother-"Lor!" says I, "if it ain't a human-alive or dead." For it lay stock still, never heedin' o' the barkin' an' tearin' round o' So I called out to my neighbors. "Jest some o' ye come here, will ye?" an' three o' them boys came runnin'

"There's a poor fellow lyin' here," says

I. "Let's see can we gi' him the helpin' hand neighbor like as we'd wish it oursel's One o' the chaps pecred at him, an' says he scornful, "He's dead drunk," an' another adds, "Or dead without the drunk." An' then I gets a bit closer-somehow somethin' had kep' me back afore-an' then I jest gives one great yell an' falls over limp like an' can't speak nor move for I dunno how many minits. At last I makes out to gasp, "Tis-young Jed. makes out to gasp, "'Tis-young Jed. Let's carry him hum-dead or alive, an' you be true neighbors an' Christians.'

On rousin' myself I found I could walk though I felt faint like an' giddy; an' them neighbor boys jest took young Jed up tender as if he'd been a babe an' carried him two an' two by turns all the way We laid him down on the parlor sofydirty or not dirty what did I care-an' what with brandy an' hot cloths an' rubbin', it wa'n't long afore he showed jest a glimmer o' life, "Now," says I, when he'd come to a bit more, though showin' no signs o' recognizin' me—or even o' havin' his wits—"Now, neighbor chaps, if ye'll help me we'll put him right to bed." So we got him partly undressed an' slipped him into my half o' the bed where slep' Jedediah-peacefully snorin'-it was the sleep o' the jest, it would seem, arter all, Then I flew around an' got the neighbors all settled for the night-'twas most midnight by now-the boys in the hay-loft. considable to be sure-we'd gone about an' the ladies, two in my spare bed chamnough it had been to be sure till now) an' one lady on a cot bed, an' t'other on a sofy, an' then I, consider'ble tuckered out bed where slep' Jedediah an' young Jedfor he'd dropped off again soon as we got him between sheets-an' this time it was sleep, with quiet breathin', an' not swoons. even if I had a bed!-with my boy there afore my eyes, an' alive when I'd thought him dead long years agone; an', too, my conscience all stirred up topsy-turvy as

we'd ever heard was that he an' a loafin' an' the like. What Hetty! left the rake out last night to get rusted, did he? That's like young Jed for all the world: hum. You may consider it jest the best so you can edercate little Jed you edercatin' comes as nat'rel like to grove of 'em at the north end o' the you. Hester Crane, as scourin' o' milk pans an' the like does to me, Well, as I set an' watched young Jed that night it all kep' tumblin' about in my mind

around. An', my, wa'n't he changed! To some consider'ble older an' had grown a though 'twas that ragged an' uncared-for as showed he hadn't much interest in livin'. But his face was toat pale an' thin it would ha' made your heart ache to ha' seen it, Hetty. No one save his own father or mother'd ever ha' recognized him again for young Jed Crane as had lef' hum

So, as I said afore, I set an' watched him till day dragged in, an then I stepped out to start the fire for Jedediah's breakfast. When I come back Jedediah was a-settin' up, leanin' on one elbow an' starin' dazedlike at young Jed, who was lyin' a-sleepin' as peaceful as a babe. "Be I a-dreamin'?" says Jedediah,

"Who be this 'ere feller?" says he.

"No, you be n't," says I.

"Young Jed," says I, a-forcin' myself to An' then you should ha' seen him! A smile come a-dancin' over his poor old face as he rubbed his eyes with his fist, an' he cries out in a reg'lar oh-let-us-be-joyful tone, "Can't be true, Zipporah!" Then he ups and dresses quicker'n ever afore, an' hurries me up with breakfast, an' when I come back to say 'tis ready I find him on his knees beside the bed an' jest devourin' o' young Je. with teary eyes, a-sayin' to himself softly: "Aye, it's true! It's true! 'Tis young Jed mistake. Poor fellow-how ill he

An' jest then young Jed he opens his eyes, but he can't move or speak even, he's that ight. Then we both let loose, I shout- | drefful weak. An' I comes round to the "Holloa, neighbors!" an' he barkin' like other side o' the bed, an' leanin' over him, t'ain't no earthly matter. Only I guess

quick to one side an' then t'other, an' jest covers up his face with both hands-my, but they was dirty, Hetty. God forgi' me for seein' it at sech a moment. I was born so, an' couldn't help it nohow-an' he betill we was all a-cryin' together.

An' then we pets him an' soothes him for all the world as if he was a wee one again. An' so in time young Jed he caims down an' seems content jest to lie there an' look at father or mother, for he couldn't speak more'n a word now an' then for that day an' more. We fed him some porridge an' milk, an' by an' by an egg with brandy, an' 'fore night he looked a bit better. But it was only in the course o' many days, as he grew stronger-an' slow enough uphill work it was, too, Hetty-that we got at his life o' fifteen year back. Little by little it came out as how he'd got into misleadin' company over in M., an' bein' dissatisfied with hum an' humdrum ways, he decides to cut loose, an' so jest goes off to sea 'thout sayin' nothin', but thinkin' to write us when he be safe away. An' then he gets wildlike, drinkin' an' gamlin' when in port, an' jest puts off an' puts off writin' till he's 'shamed to, specially as he ain't nothin' pleasin' to tell. An' lawsakes, he was so far over on t'other side o' the world 'pears like no scrap of a letter would ha' come to us safe nohow. So as I was sayin', young Jed he says, "I jest felt too 'shamed to write ye anythin' o' my life yonder an' my doin's, they was that bad." But, deary me, Hetty, you've heard time an' again from young Jed himself all about his wild an' weary wanderin's over this dreffel big earth, I don't need repeat it all now. So, to cut a long story short, he didn't succeed as a sailor-no more he shouldn't by rights, for he ain't got no drop o' sailor blood in his veins, that's sure. Never a onsettled sailor drew breath in our families either side o' the house, and moreover, bein' as we've all farmed it both sides for no end o' generations, it ain't to be wondered at much if he's succeeding fust-rate at farmin'-barrin' he needs a bit o' watchin' 'bout lettin' things go to rack an' ruin; he's a bit o' Uncle Rufus's shiftlessness in his make-up sure.

An' as for steady, you, Hetty, can testify as how young Jed's as steady-goin' on land as he was onsteady when a-wobblin' about on water, an' not to be wondered at on more accounts than one.

Well, to go back, when he'd got so low down he could no longer work, what with bein' ill an' more'n half starved, he wan-ders slow an' haltin' enough towards his old hum, meanin' to act the second prodigal son. But when he gets nigh his old father an' mother-a-mournin' for him in silence all those years-what with weakness an' overpowerin' shame, he drops down most done out to sleep in the field, an' a-meanin' to sneak away come mornin' an' never be heard of again. An' let me say a word right here, Hetty If he'd ha' been let to lie there over night he'd not ha' wandered away, but he'd ha' been found stiff an' stark by that woodpile by the fust person as passed that way. No, Hetty, I ain't superstitious. But I do believe in a Divine Providence, an' if it wa'n't a inspiration that took me out that night, neighbors or no neighbors, I ain't called Zipporah Crane! I wa'n't blessed with two sons like t'other Zipporah, o' Moses, an' the one I had was not to be let stray off again —no, nor let die like a beast for want o'

I tell you, Hester Crane, there was a call In the air that blessed night. I sensed it somehow if I didn't hear it, an' so did Prince, too. There was a job—a heavenly job—requirin' to be 'tended to prompt that wouldn't let me sleep a wink. I wa'n't per-mitted to lie off comfortable an' rest, thank God! an' my only son a-dyin' out-'o-doors obeyin' my orders; such a meek crew I his goodness and mercy every day sence; never afore or sence had aboard that fish-boat. They was as changed a crowlet fishan' deserted. Yes, I praise the Lord for in this world there was three jest ready to burst with thankfulness that blessed mornin' when young Jed come to himself enough to recognize his old sorrowin' par-ents again. 'Twas yonder in that room next this'n in which we be a-talkin', Hetty. Now, what be you a-cryin' for? There ain't no use in cryin'-even if it was spilled milk, which it ain't by a long shot-for all's well that ends well, them's my sentiments, an' if all ha'n't ended well, I want to know, Hester Crane. Why, in a month, with mother an' father's care an' plenty o' nourishin' food, young Jed was up an' about an' as chipper as you please. An' my, didn't he come round jest in the nick o' time to take the brunt o' the farm work off o' father's stoopin' shoulders. An didn't he soon take to ridin' purty consider'ble often over to M. An' I a-worryin' an' a-warnin' him not to get into bad company, feelin' that anxious at times I couldn't sleep o' nights. Yes, you may laugh all you please, Hetty. It was a good joke on me, but how was I to know he never went to M. at all, stoppin' a mile short o' the village to visit at a certain farmhouse where there lived a mighty purty schoolmarm? Bad company for sure.
An' so in the course o' time didn't he marry as likely a wife as he'd ha' found by huntin' further, an' ain't he an' she got as likely a pair o' young sons as could be wished for to carry down the respectable family name o' Crane? An' ain't he built a nice new house to the

top o' the hill yonder, in sight as yet, thank God, o' the failin' eyes o' his old father an' mother? To think at last we're blessed with nigh neighbors! You see, while you an' young Jed lived along with us, even arter little Jed arrived, it didn't seem half so much like havin' neighbors as now. But that reminds me-how I ha' left them new neighbors o' ourn a-lyin' round on hay an' sofies an' the like! Well, that same 'ventful mornin' I gets 'em as good an' liberal a breakfast as though I hadn't jest got back our prodigal, an' then off they trotted. old man Jed goin' along to give a helpin' hand an' a word o' advice. An' 'fore noon they'd moved their tent an' belongin's clear to the south end o' the lake, where there was more of a clearin' an' wa'n't like to be no danger from rattlesnakes. For you see snakes, arter all, are some like humans, farmer folks leastways if not sailors, for they are inclined to keep nigh their hums when once they're planted in a place.

But I mustn't forget to mention how Jedediah did the neighbors a good turn, as they'd done us one not to be disremembered. One o' them slim gals jumps fust from the boat an' onthinkin' like scampers up the bank. "I hear a duck!" says she. An' jest then Jedediah springs up behind her an' catches her round the waist an' leaps back into the boat in no time. Right ahead he'd spied a great raccesnake coiled about with its head up ready to spring at the gal. He an' the boys killed the reptile with pieces of rock, and then, cautious enough, they made quick work o' takin' down that tent an' movin' all the duds

An' next thing, the neighbors wanted to hire our fish boat. But law sakes, d'you think we'd ha' been so unneighborly as to take money for the old boat? We jest told 'em to use it whenever they liked and to leave it high an' dry when they'd done. They stayed in campra fortnight, an' was that neighborly 'twas a real pleasure havin' 'em so nigh-for what signifies two miles in the country? An' to this day I think o' them days as onusual happy ones, considerin' as how young Jed was a-comin' on

Just afore they broke up camp, one arter-

noon, when young Jed was a-feelin' right oursel's in our best bib an' tucker an' made the neighborfolks a farewell visit. Well, one o' them chaps was a artist as it 'peared. when that there's finished, it'll be most as good as a chromo." You know, Hetty, my two in the parior as I'm partick'ler proud on, though I did give a heap o' old clothes he run away to sea, an' he might ha' used em when he come back, too.. An' would you believe it. Hetty, that artist chaplaughed an' laughed, an' then repeated what I'd said to t'others, an' they all set up sech a laughin' as made me feel queer an' encomfortable-for I couldn't join in to save me, not a-knowin' whan to laugh about, an' no more I can't yet for the life o' me see what the great joke was. But arter all, he was a right nice feller, an' he painted me an' Jedediah-wa'n't it the best luck we'd put on our Sunday-goto-meetin' clothes-right along with the crowd o' young folk, our first neighbors, an' he said as how we'd like as not be on exhibition some day up to town-now wa'n't that right clever and neighborly, Hetty' they wa'n't a bit stuck up as town folks ha' the name o' bein', more 'specially when they come among us farm folks, land's sakes alive! Where's this whole blessed arternoon slipped away to? Look yonder! I sight young Jed an' little Jed an' Dicky boy a-startin' down from hum. No you don't Hester Crane. Not one step do you stir till you've supped. What? pany you hum? Well, let 'em come, every step o' the way to next neighbor's door, an' then mebbe they'll get a invite to sup along with us. I tell you my waffle irons an' I've a fresh churnin' jest longin' to melt over pipin' hot waffles, an' there's a three-quart mess o' the biggest huckleberries-you're right, Hetty, I picked 'em there, but on the very outermost edge o' them famous fields, an' rattlesnakes ain't never hum near the lake, for, as I said, whatever their vices, they ain't much given to rovin' sailor-like-an' there's mornin's milk with cream finger thick atop an' not to be skimmed off neither. An' so you jest keep on at that sock till it's done. You ain't worked worth a cent,

what with cryin' an' laughin' an' listenin'

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Acknowledgment. Swift flew my thoughts across the space Which e'er must lie between thy place Mine eyes once more did rest upon thy

And that thou art yet can'st not be, Since Fate hath forged around the In that brief moment was revealed to me, And death in life for me remains.

And I did feel thy touch divine.

-Catherine McLaen New. Destiny. Why seek to know what fate has said

Shall be thy final destiny? If strong thy heart and firm thy tread, If thou no honest judgment dread, 'Twill matter not what comes to thee, Thy fate thou can'st aiready see. -May W. Donnan.

The King's Reply, Thou hast all the world can bestow, O

Tell us what is best in the end. I would give my crown and my royal

In exchange for one true friend." -May W. Donnan.

The Two Orphans. (One of the first poems written by the late Ben King, which won him more than local recognition, is printed below. It first saw the light in 1887.)

'Yes, sir; we lived home till our mother 'N'I'd go a-walkin' with Jim,' cause he cried Till night time ud come, 'n' we'd go up to An' bofe say the prayers 'at she taught us Didn't we, Jim?

'N' pa ud stay late, 'n' we used ter call Cause we thought we heard him down stairs in the hall; when he came home once he fell on the floor. N' we run'd an' hid behind ma's bedroom Didn't we, Jim?

'She told us, our ma did, when she's sick in bed. 'N' out of the Bible some verses she read, To never touch wine and some more I can't But the last words she said was to never to drink-Didn't she, Jim?

But our other ma, what our pa brought home there. She whipped little Jim 'cause he stood on a 'N' kissed our ma's picture that hung on 'N' struck me fer not doin' nothin' at all-Didn't she, Jim?

'She said 'at we never had no bringin' up 'N' stayed round the house 'n' et every-N' said 'at we couldn't have no more to 'N' all 'at we's fit fer was out in the street-Didn't she, Jim?

"We said 'at we hated her-didn't we, Jim? But our pa-well, we didn't say nothin' ter But just took ma's picture, and bofe run'd 'N' that's what Jim's cryin' 'bout out here to-day-Didn't we, Jim?

"Mister, don't feel bad, 'cause Jim's cryin', Fer we're goin to hunt 'n' get somethin' to 'Cause our own ma 'at died said to work an' to pray 'N' we'd all be together in glory some day— Didn't she, Jim? -Chicago Mail.

The Coming American. Bring me men to match my mountains, Bring me men to match my plains, Men with empires in their purpose And new eras in their brains; Bring me men to match my prairies, Men to match my inland seas, Men whose thought shall pave a highway Up to ampler destinies; Pioneers to clear thought's marshlands And to cleanse old error's fen;

Bring me men to match my forests, Strong to fight the storm and blast, Branching toward the skyey future, Rooted in the fertile past; Bring me men to match my valleys, Tolerant of sun and snow, Men within whose fruitful purpose Time's consummate blooms shall grow; Men to tame the tigerish instincts Of the lair, and cave, and den, Cleanse the dragon slime of Nature-Bring me men!

Bring me men to match my mountains-

Bring me men!

Bring me men to match my rivers, Continent cleavers, flowing free, Drawn by the eternal madness To be mingled with the sea; Men of oceanic impulse. Men whose moral currents sweep Toward the wide infolding ocean Of an undiscovered deep; Men who feel the strong pulsation Of the Central Sea, and then Time their currents to its earth throb-

Bring me men! -Sam Walter Foss, in the Independent.

A Love Song. Blow! winds, and break the blossoms; Part! clouds that hide the sun; For the timid feet of a maiden sweet Adown the valley run.

The thorn of the wild rose wounds her, The hem of her skirt is torn, Where the cool gray dew has wet it With the tears of a summer morn

No foot is heard to follow, No eye her path may see, There is no ear her steps to hear As she hastens unto me Oh, wild, sweet banks of roses, Oh, fragrant fields of dew.

My darling's kiss is more. I wis. Than a thousand leagues of you! -Charles Henry Luders.

The Dower Chest Fad.

New York Commercial-Advertiser. Lucky, indeed, is the girl who is enwhen young men are decidedly shy of assuming matrimonial responsibilities, but fortunate though she may be, she does not consider her happiness quite complete unless she possesses a dower chest. This artiingly antique flavor, is the latest device for coaxing gifts from fond relatives and friends, and its advent in the household The fashion has already attained great popularity with fair flancees, though there is really no reason why an unengaged girl should not own a dower chest with quite as much propriety as does her sister who has the wedding ring actually in sight.

> BIRD STORE. YOUNG PARROTS,

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Read This. INDIANAPOLIS, June 28, 1894. Crescent Remedy Company: Gentlemen-I paid 50 cents for a box of Crescent Salve.

It has done me fifty dollars' worth of I wouldn't do without it if the price were \$5 a box. It is "far and away" the best, most soothing and effective baim I have ever used for catarrhal affection.
It is easily applied, cleansing and pleasant. To me it is worth more than its weight It has done for me what other remedies and a number of physicians failed to do; hence I can and do cheerfully recommend

it to anyone suffering with any catarrhal This testimonial is entirely unsolicited, given in the interest of sunering humanity, and you are at liberty to use it in any manner you choose Gratefully yours,
HARRY W. OLMSTEAD.
"The News" Office. Indianapolis, Ind.



From the day that CUBANOLA came to the aid of the Indianapolis Base Ball Club it has been climbing steadily to the top.

The offer of a box of Cubanolas for each home run has borne fruit. Thus far nineteen home runs have been made since the offer went into effect.

### The Fleet-Footed Prize Winners are as Follows:

April 25-WILLIAM GRAY.

June 3-FRANK MOTZ (2). .

June 6-ABNER DALRYMPLE,

ROBERT WESTLAKE. June 7-ROBERT WESTLAKE.

June 11-GEORGE LEIDY.

June 20-SAMUEL MILLS.

June 21-FRANK MOTZ (2).

June 22—SAMUEL MILLS. June 23-FRANK MOTZ. July 4-THOMAS McCARTHY. July 9-THOMAS McCARTHY (2), July 9-SAMUEL MILLS (2).

July 11-THOMAS McCARTHY.

July 12-THOMAS McCARTHY.

"If Cubanola inspires Home Runs," said Mrs. MacGillicuddy, "I'll have my Henry smoke them to bring him home early and keep him home in the evening."

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Refines coarse pores, keeps the skin smooth and lovely. Price, \$1.

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Removes and destroys forever moles and warts. Price, \$3.

Makes the lashes grow thick and long, the eyebrows luxuriant and shapely and

strengthens and beautifies the eyes;

Cultivates natural rosy cheeks; a won-derful skin tonic. Price, \$1 per bottle.

Bye-Lash and Eye-Brow Grower

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Elixir of Beauty

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Pimples, Blackheads and Skin Diseases cured with Mme. Yale's Special Lotion No. 1 and Special Ointment No. 2, guar-anteed. Price, \$1 each. Excelsior Almond Blossom Complexion Cream

Excelsior Skin Food. Guaranteed to remove wrinkles and every trace of age. Price, \$1.50 and \$3.

Excelsior Complexion Bleach. Guaranteed to remove sallowness, moth patches and all skin blemishes. Gives a natural complexion of marvelous beauty. Price, \$2 per bottle; \$5 for 3 bottles.

**Excelsior Hair Tonic.** 

Turns gray hair back to its own natural color without dye. The first and only remedy in the history of chemistry known to do this. Stops hair falling in from 24 hours to one week. Creates a luxuriant growth. Price, \$1 per bottle; 6 for \$5.

**Excelsior Bust Food.** Guaranteed to develop a beautiful bust and neck; gives firmness to the flesh

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La Freckla and Freckles. Mme. M. Yale's wonderful La Freckla is known to be the only sure cure for freckles. In from three days to one week after its first application every freckle will disappear and the complex-

Mme. M. Yale's Excelsior Fertilizer Cures constipation. Price, \$1.50. **Excelsior Blood Tonic** 

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